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COMICS

FEBRUARY No.124

KEN SHANNON
in
"M"
as in
MURDER





WEB COMIC
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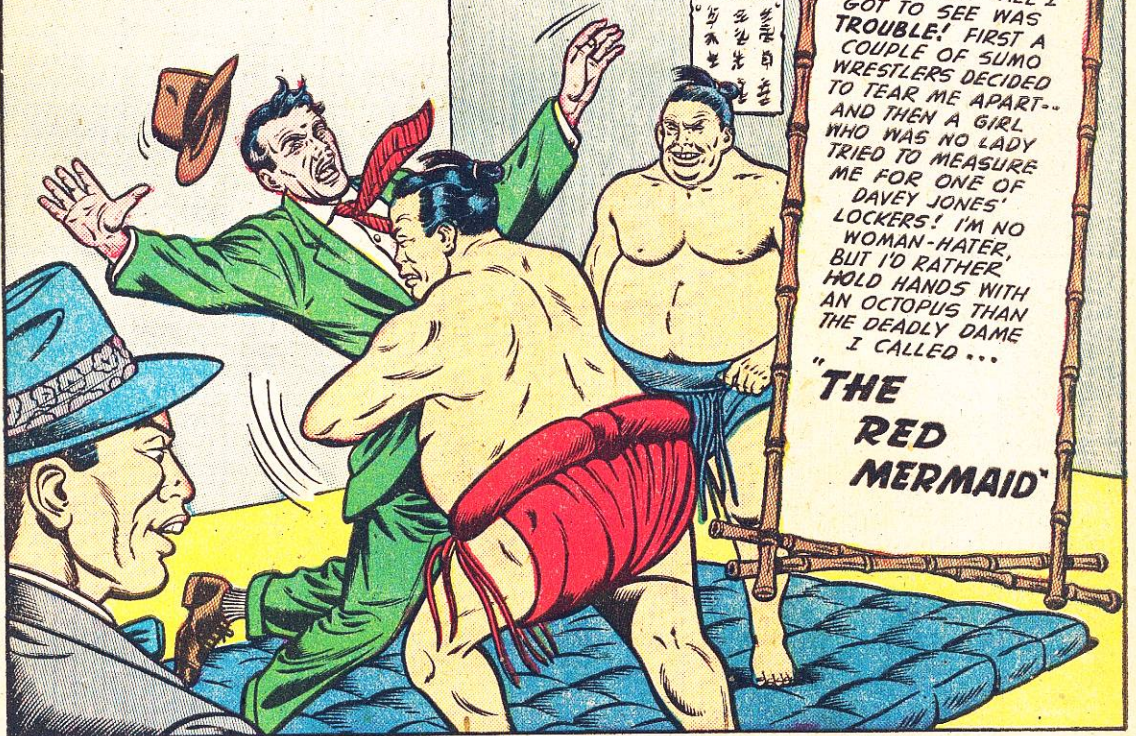
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T-MAN



I DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT WHEN MY CHIEF HANDS ME AN ASSIGNMENT IT'S ALWAYS A LULU

WHERE AM I OFF TO NOW, CHIEF?

JAPAN! SECRET DATA HAS BEEN LEAKING OUT OF THE AMERICAN OCCUPATION FORCES HEAD-QUARTERS-- AND INTO RUSSIA!

WE NOW KNOW A JAP NAMED TAKADA, EMPLOYED AS INTERPRETER IN HEAD-QUARTERS, IS THE TRAITOR! BUT WHAT WE DON'T KNOW IS HOW HE'S GETTING DATA INTO RUSSIAN HANDS!

AND THAT'S WHERE I COME IN!



POLICE COMICS

WHEN YOU ARRIVE IN JAPAN, YOU'LL BE GIVEN PLANS, BUT TAKADA WON'T KNOW THEY'RE FAKE! GET THE PICTURE NOW?

SURE! I'M THE BAIT! ONCE THAT LOCAL RED HIJACKS THE "PLANS" FROM ME, I HAVE TO TRAIL HIM SOMEHOW!

I KNOW IT'S A TRICKY ASSIGNMENT, PETE BUT YOU'RE THE RIGHT MAN FOR IT!

FLATTERY WILL GET YOU NOWHERE -- BUT I GUESS IT'S GETTING ME TO JAPAN!

50 DAYS LATER I FOUND MYSELF DOCKING AT THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN!

IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE THE FIRST A-BOMB ENDED A WAR HERE, BUT NOW THE IRON CURTAIN GANG IS TRYING TO STIR UP ANOTHER BRAWL!



I IMMEDIATELY VISITED THE AMERICAN HEAD-QUARTERS WHERE, AS ARRANGED, THE OFFICER THERE PLAYED OUT HIS ACT FOR TAKADA'S BENEFIT...

"MR. TRASK, THESE PLANS MUST NOT FALL INTO ENEMY HANDS!"

GOT YOU, PAL! NOW I GET INTRODUCED TO THE VILLAIN OF THE SCRIPT!



OH, MR. TAKADA, THIS IS AN AMERICAN FRIEND, MR. TRASK! HE'S ANXIOUS TO DO A SIGHT-SEEING TOUR BEFORE HE LEAVES!

AND YOU WANT ME TO ACT AS HIS GUIDE? I AM MOST FLATTERED, COLONEL!



ALL RIGHT, TRASK! WE'VE BAITED THE TRAP!

YEAH -- NOW I'VE GOT TO SEE THAT THE RAT NIBBLES AT THE CHEESE!



FIRST, MR. TRASK, I HAVE A SURPRISE FEW AMERICANS EVER SEE! I TAKE YOU TO GYMNASIUM WHERE SUMO WRESTLERS TRAIN FOR TOURNAMENT! RICKSHA!



POLICE COMICS

SOMETIME LATER THE RICKSHA-MAN BRAKED BEFORE A GOOD-SIZED HOUSE ON THE EDGE OF TOWN...

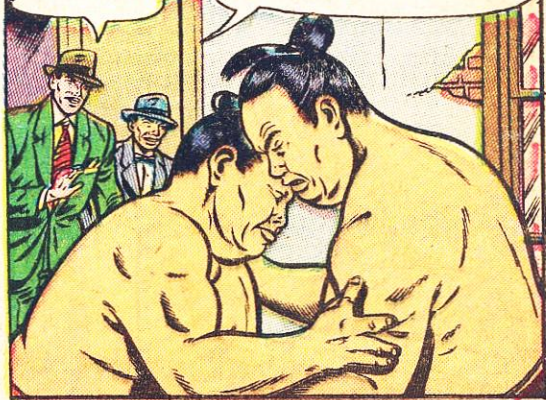


NICE AND QUIET AROUND HERE! GOOD PLACE FOR A MURDER! UGH! WHAT AM I SAYING?

INSIDE TWO JAP GRUNT- AND-GROAN SPECIAL-ISTS, SHOOK THE GYM FLOOR AS THEY BOUNCED THEIR BEEF AROUND.

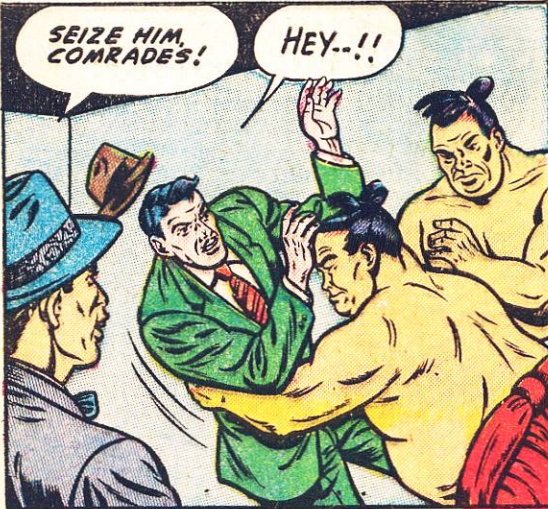
WOW! ANYONE OF 'EM COULD PIN AN ELEPHANT TWO FALLS OUT OF THREE!

THE SUMO WRESTLER IS A SPECIAL CASTE BRED FOR SIZE AND STRENGTH! IT IS NOT UNUSUAL FOR A SUMO TO WEIGH 350 POUNDS!



SEIZE HIM, COMRADES!

HEY..!!



YOW! HE TOOK THAT PUNCH LIKE HE WAS GRAZED BY A BUTTERFLY WING! THE ONLY THING I'VE HURT IS MY FIST!



THEN SOMETHING HIT ME AND I FOLDED UP LIKE A BUSTED ACCORDIAN!

YOU MAY TAKE THE ENVELOPE NOW, TAKADA!

THUD



IT SEEMED LIKE HOURS BEFORE I SWAM BACK TO DAYLIGHT...

GET TWO SHOVELS! TAKADA HAS LEFT ORDERS FOR US TO BURY THE AMERICAN IN A PIT IN THE BASEMENT!

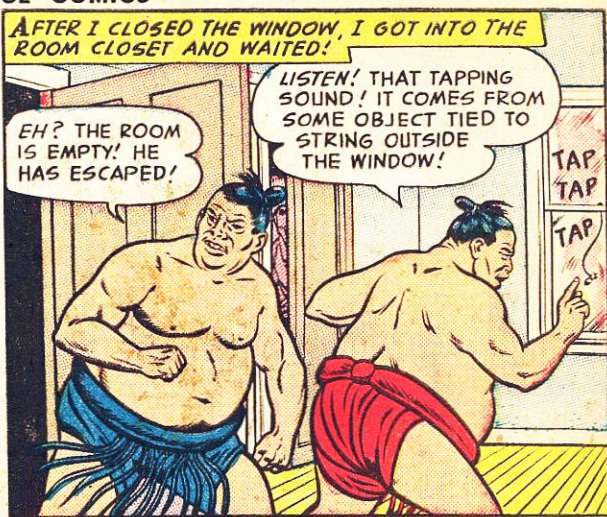
YOU GO! I WILL REMAIN HERE ON GUARD!



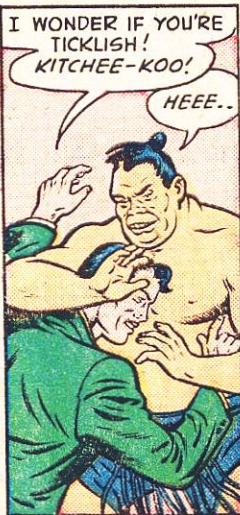
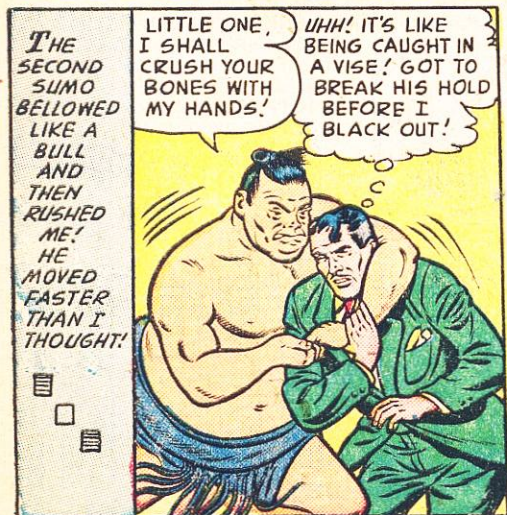
A MONKEY COULDN'T CLIMB DOWN THAT SHEER WALL, AND IT'S LONG DROP TO THE STREET! BUT I'VE GOT ANOTHER WAY I CAN USE THIS WINDOW!



POLICE COMICS



AS I FIGURED, THE SUMO OPENED THE WINDOW TO GET WHAT HE THOUGHT WAS MY FAREWELL NOTE!



THE SECOND SUMO BELLOWED LIKE A BULL AND THEN RUSHED ME! HE MOVED FASTER THAN I THOUGHT!

POLICE COMICS

JUST LIKE CHOPPING
DOWN A TREE!



I DON'T
KNOW HOW
MANY TIMES
I RABBIT-
PUNCHED
THE SUMO'S
BEEFY NECK,
BUT MY
HANDS WERE
NEARLY
NUMB
BEFORE
HE
FINALLY
SAGGED
TO
THE
FLOOR!



I WAS WONDERING
WHAT HELD HIM
UP!



AFTER THAT I HUSTLED BACK TO
HEADQUARTERS AND BRIEFED
THE OFFICER ON WHAT HAPPENED ...

I'VE GOT TO PICK UP TAKADA'S TRAIL
QUICKLY, SO I CAN SEE WHO HE
SLIPS THE ENVELOPE TO NEXT!
IF ONLY I HAD A LEAD! SAY,
DOES TAKADA HAVE
A GIRL FRIEND?

SURE!



SHE'S A STRANGE TYPE, TOO!
SHE'S OBVIOUSLY STILL A
YOUNG WOMAN, BUT HER
SKIN IS ALL ROUGH AND
WRINKLED LIKE AN
OLD HAG'S!



WHAT YOU JUST
SAID RINGS A
BELL! CAN BE A
CLUE IF ONLY I
COULD
REMEMBER!

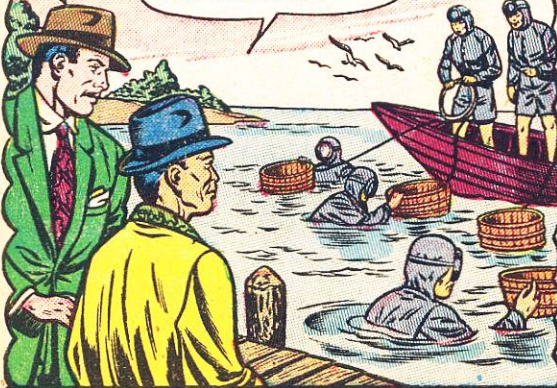
THEN I REMEMBERED! I'D VISITED THE OWNER OF AN
ARTIFICIAL PEARL "FARM" WHEN I HAD BEEN IN
JAPAN A FEW YEARS BEFORE!

YOU SEE? A BEAD IS FIRST INSERTED INTO A HEALTHY
OYSTER! THEN WE PUT OYSTER BACK IN OCEAN BED
WHERE IT BUILDS UP LAYER OF PEARL OVER BEAD!
YEARS LATER DIVER RECOVERS OYSTER AND
WE REMOVE
CULTURED
PEARL!



HOW COME
YOU USE
ONLY
GIRL
DIVERS?

WOMEN HAVE GREATER LUNG POWER
THAN MEN! $\nearrow$ SIGH $\searrow$ UNFORTUNATELY
AFTER YEARS OF DIVING, WATER
ROUGHENS THEIR SKIN AND
MAKES SKIN COARSE
AND WRINKLED!



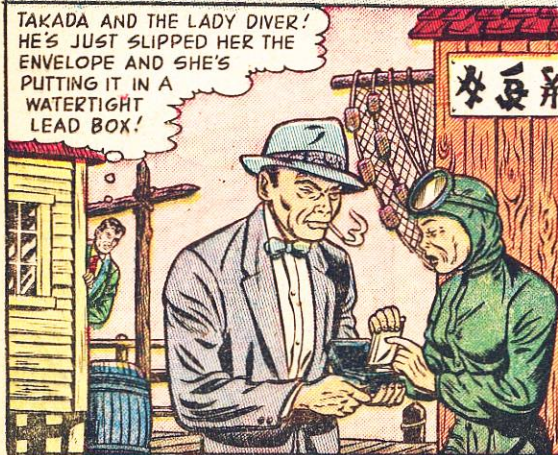
HEY! WHERE
ARE YOU
GOING?

I'VE JUST HAD A HUNCH, AND
I'M GOING TO PLAY IT
TO THE HILT!



I GOT TO THE PEARL "FARM" WITH SECONDS TO SPARE BECAUSE MY HUNCH HAD PAID OFF!

TAKADA AND THE LADY DIVER! HE'S JUST SLIPPED HER THE ENVELOPE AND SHE'S PUTTING IT IN A WATERTIGHT LEAD BOX!



I'VE GOT TO SLAP TAKADA DOWN SO I CAN GET UP CLOSE AND SEE WHY THAT RED MERMAID IS POLING OUT TO DEEPER WATERS!



TRASK?!! STOP...

SORRY, I'M GOING TOO FAST TO STOP NOW!



I'LL SEND AN AMBULANCE AROUND FOR YOU LATER!



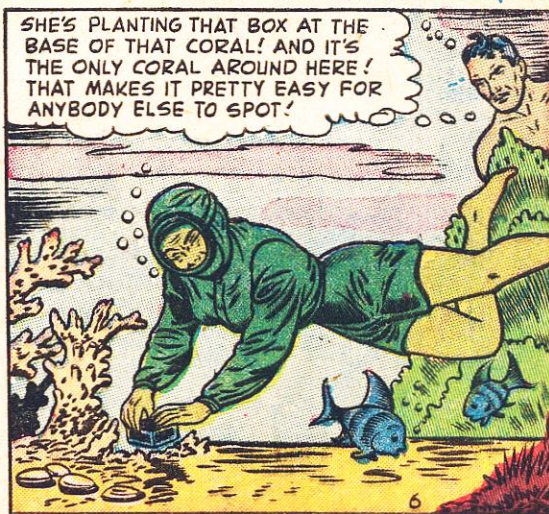
I FILLED MY BELLOWS WITH OXYGEN AND THEN BEGAN SWIMMING UNDER WATER TOWARD THE BOAT KEEL!



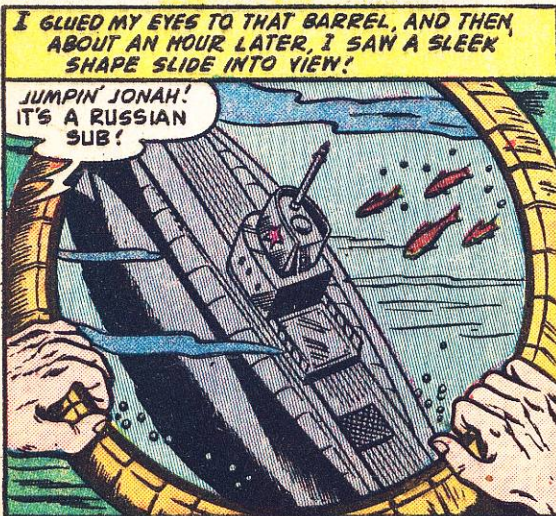
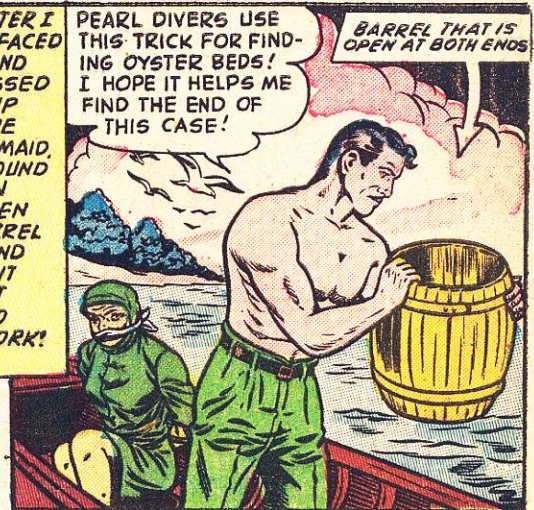
HERE COMES LADY GO-DIVER!

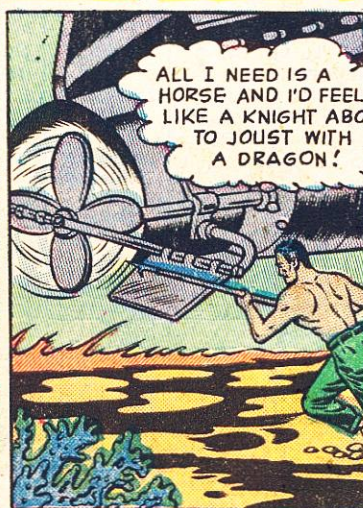
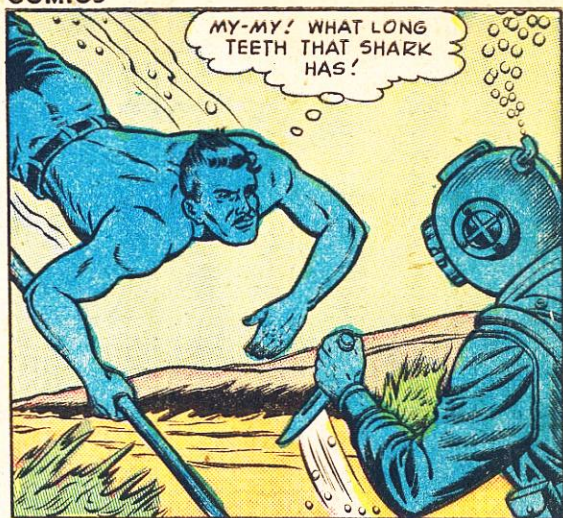


SHE'S PLANTING THAT BOX AT THE BASE OF THAT CORAL! AND IT'S THE ONLY CORAL AROUND HERE! THAT MAKES IT PRETTY EASY FOR ANYBODY ELSE TO SPOT!



POLICE COMICS





SO, WITH MY JOB FINISHED, I FIGURED NOTHING COULD KEEP ME IN JAPAN, BUT-- SOMETIMES A GUY CAN BE SIDE-TRACKED!



PICT-O-CRIME!

DETECTIVE ALAN SYKES CALLS THIS "THE CLUE OF THE TOO-PERFECT ALIBI"... FOR IT PROVED THE MAN WHO COULDN'T HAVE BEEN THERE FIRED THE DEATH SHOT.

THE DEATH CALL CAME ON THE BITTEREST NIGHT OF WINTER!

RON HALE? I BELIEVE YOU PHONED THAT YOUR PARTNER, JACK SIMES, HAD BEEN MURDERED.

YES! SORRY TO DRAG YOU OUT ON SUCH A COLD NIGHT BUT I JUST FOUND THE BODY!



THE OIL BURNER SEEMS TO HAVE BROKEN DOWN. IT'S ALMOST AS COLD IN HERE AS OUTSIDE!

SO I NOTICE! TELL ME ABOUT FINDING THE BODY, HALE!



I'LL ADMIT SIMES AND I HAD BEEN QUARRELING. I CAME OUT HERE TONIGHT TO HAVE IT OUT WITH HIM. LEFT A PARTY AT MY HOUSE, IN FACT, TO COME!

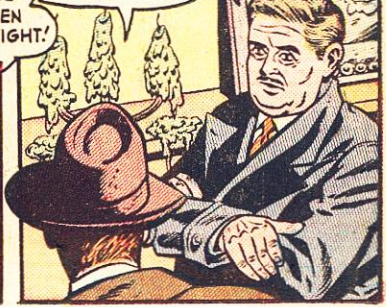
HMM! HIS ARM IS STILL LIMP, BUT THE BLOOD FROM THE WOUND IS DRY! THAT MEANS HE'S BEEN DEAD FOR SOME TIME!

WITH RIGOR MORTIS TAKING IT'S NORMAL TIME TO SET IN, THAT WOULD MEAN HE WAS KILLED SOME-TIME SINCE EIGHT THIS EVENING.

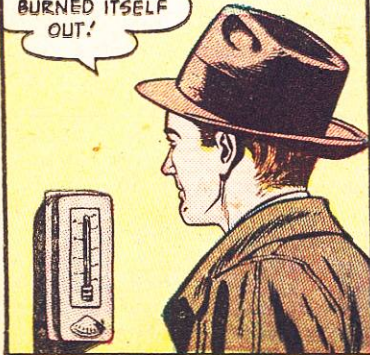
I FEEL BETTER, SYKES! THE WAY WE FOUGHT, I WAS A LOGICAL SUSPECT! BUT I'VE BEEN WITH A CROWD SINCE SEVEN TONIGHT!

THIS IS ODD! THE HOUSE IS FREEZING COLD, BUT THOSE CANDLES HAVE MELTED DOWN WITHOUT BEING LIGHTED AT ALL!

AAAA-CHOOO! DO YOU MIND IF I RUN ALONG BEFORE I CATCH COLD?



STICK AROUND, HALE! I SEE NOW WHY THE OIL BURNER QUIT! THE THERMOSTAT'S BEEN SHOVED UP SO HIGH IT BURNED ITSELF OUT!



YES, YES, BUT WHAT'S THE SENSE OF KEEPING ME HERE?

WE WON'T, HALE! WE'LL TAKE YOU DOWN TO A NICE WARM JAIL -- AND BOOK YOU FOR MURDER! GRAB HIM, CLANCY!



CAN YOU SEE THE OBVIOUS CLUES THAT WRECKED RON HALE'S ALIBI AND LEFT HIM THE TOP MURDER SUSPECT? READ THE ANSWER ON THE NEXT PAGE!

Blind Man's Bluff

"WHAT'S the case you're carrying?" asked the Chief of the Narcotics Bureau Benson as Detective McCarty entered his office.

"It's an accordeon," grinned McCarty. "I'm pretty good at it, too."

McCarty took the strap from his shoulder, opened the case and began to play. Benson had to admit he wasn't bad. The soft, minor notes were appealing until McCarty hit a wrong chord. The sour music curdled Benson's already acid disposition.

"What do you mean by spending your time with that thing?" he snorted. "Don't you have enough to do here? We're trying to close in on a dope racket and you come in with that squeeze box. You're supposed to be getting the goods on Taffy Graham for distributing heroin. You said yourself—"

"Yeah, I said he was the guilty guy," grinned McCarty as he ended the music abruptly. "I'd bet my bottom dollar on it, Benson. But I've got to prove it. Right?"

"Sure, you've got to," snapped Benson. "You've got to get evidence to convict a man."

"That's what I intend to do," replied McCarty as he rose from the chair. "I want a week off to handle this my own way. Will you go for that?"

Benson's mouth curled into a smile. McCarty was his best man and he trusted him. Taffy Graham knew McCarty, too, and had played a cagey game. He bragged that he could smell a cop a mile away and always be caught clean.

"Okay," nodded Benson. "Take a week and do it your own way. But do it, see?"

"I'll let you know," said McCarty as he worked to close the accordeon case. "I have a plan. Maybe it'll work and maybe it won't. But it's worth a try."

Gil McCarty's wife Anna was waiting anxiously when he came home. "I see you managed to get an accordeon," she said.

"Picked it up cheap at a pawn shop," he answered, "and I can still play, after a fashion. Enough to get by. Benson gave me the go-ahead, too, so everything's set."

"You really think we can catch Graham this way?" she asked with some anxiety. "I want to help you if I can but—"

"It's the only way I know," McCarty told Anna. "Just knowing that he has the stuff isn't enough. We have to catch him giving it out to his pushers. I believe he leaves it on the Rock River bridge because he goes there every night but, as he says, he can smell a cop for a mile."

Taffy Graham dealt in dope but nobody could call him one. The approach to the bridge gave him

a clear view from both directions and, when he was sure of not being seen, he put a small package of heroin in a crevice at the edge of the walk. After that, he stood looking at the water waiting for the right man to come along for the cache. He was certain that his plan was foolproof. If a detective or a cop came along, he was always "getting a little fresh air." Anything wrong with that?

He stopped short the day he saw the old couple approaching and heard the music that was slightly off key. Then he saw their old clothes and the man's long hair and dark glasses. The woman wasn't looking at him. It was all she could do to lead the blind. He smiled to himself and dropped a quarter in the cup.

"Thank you," said the blind man.

Each day, the blind accordeonist and his wife stood near the approach to the bridge. People put coins in their cup, including Taffy Graham. And on the fourth day, Gil McCarty had all the evidence he needed. He jerked off his dark glasses and his long wig and closed in on the man who distributed dope but bragged that he was too smart to be caught.

"B-but I thought—" stammered Graham, "th-that you w-were—"

"You thought I was just a harmless beggar," said McCarty. "You thought I couldn't see what was going on. But you were the blind one this time."

The next day at headquarters, Chief Benson shook McCarty's hand. "Some scheme," he said, "pretending to be a blind accordeon player. You sure made it pay off."

"It paid off in more ways than one," grinned McCarty, putting his hand into his pocket and drawing out a large roll of bills and some change. "Anna and I collected forty-nine dollars and sixty-five cents in our tin cup. Put it in the department's orphan fund, will you?"

"Hey," beamed Benson. "You played quite a game."

"We sure did," agreed McCarty. "I guess you'd call it Blind Man's Bluff."

PICT-O-CRIME SOLUTION

The melted candles and thermostat set to the top showed that recently the room had been heated to extreme temperature before the oil burner quit! Why? Because extreme heat delays *rigor mortis*! Hale eventually confessed he killed Simes at 6 o'clock, then set up the heat to prevent *rigor mortis* setting in early to betray his later alibi!

Inspector DENVER

CONRAD DREXEL WAS A LADY KILLER WITH A LONG AND INFAMOUS RECORD OF HEART-BREAKING! DREXEL'S HUNTING GROUNDS WERE THE COUNTRY CLUB SET AND HIS WEAPONS WERE A SMILE AND A KISS! NO WONDER THE WOMEN ADORED HIM AND THE MEN HATED HIM—
TO DEATH!

IT LOOKED LIKE A QUIET EVENING FOR INSPECTOR MARTY DENVER! SO HE BEGAN TO CATCH UP ON HIS SPORTS NEWS WHILE CASSIDY BUSIED HIMSELF CLEANING HIS GUN! SUDDENLY, THE PHONE RANG!

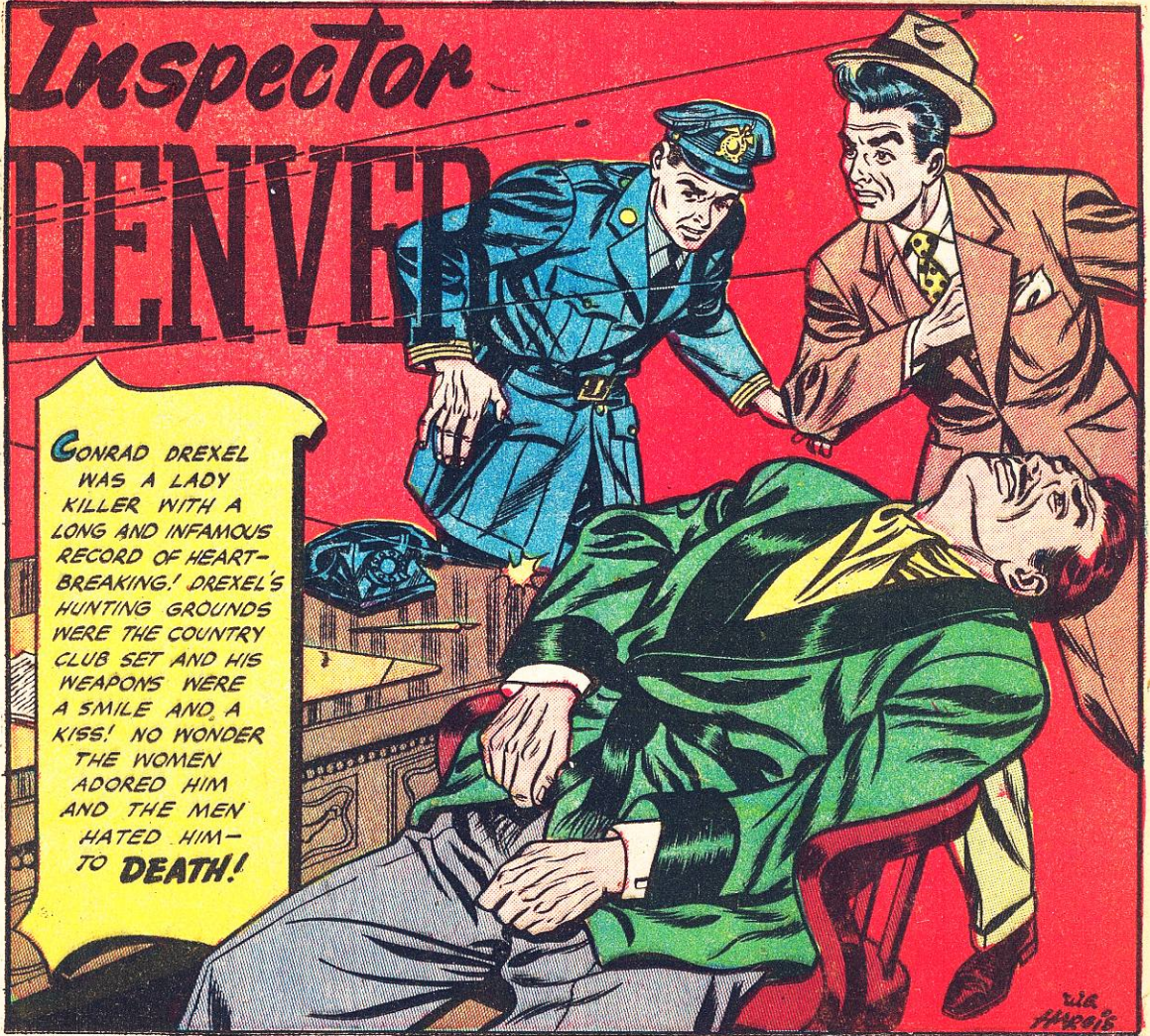
IT'S A GUY NAMED DREXEL, MARTY! HE SAYS HIS LIFE'S IN DANGER! SOMEBODY'S TRYING TO KILL HIM! HE FOUND ASENIC IN HIS MARTINI... NO KIDDING!

MAYBE SOMEBODY RAN OUT OF OLIVES! -- LET'S HAVE THE PHONE, CASSIDY!

BUT THERE WAS NO MISTAKING THE TERROR IN THE CALLER'S VOICE!

YOU'VE GOT TO COME RIGHT OVER! I'M A MARKED MAN! THEY'LL USE ANYTHING - POISON, GUN, KNIFE - ANYTHING! YOU OUGHT TO SEE THE BULLET HOLES IN THE WINDOW!

OKAY, DREXEL WE'LL BE RIGHT OVER!



POLICE COMICS

I'M TRYING TO PLACE THIS CONRAD DREXEL! HIS NAME IS FAMILIAR!

DREXEL'S IN ALL THE SOCIETY COLUMNS! THE WOMEN ARE CRAZY ABOUT HIM! BUT HE KEEPS 'PLAYIN' 'EM FOR FOOLS!

HE SPENDS HIS LIFE NIGHT-CLUB-BING, DRINKING, AND DATING! A TYPICAL PLAYBOY - AND IN TYPICAL TROUBLE! SOONER OR LATER SOMEBODY HAD TO HATE HIS GUTS ENOUGH TO BLOW A HOLE THROUGH THEM!

SHORTLY AFTER, AT THE GATES OF DREXEL'S ESTATE...

HALT! NOBODY GETS PAST THIS GATE - DREXEL'S ORDERS!

WHERE ARE YOUR EYES, MAN? WE ARE THE POLICE! WHAT'S THAT SHOTGUN FOR?

GUARDIN' THE ESTATE! AS IF ANYBODY WOULD MIND SEEN' THAT CONCEITED SKUNK DEAD! I HOPE WHOEVER'S AFTER THE RASCAL GETS HIM GOOD!

WHAT'S YOUR GRUDGE AGAINST DREXEL?

MY NAME'S JASON! I'M CARETAKER HERE! I LIVE IN THAT SHACK THERE...WITH MY DAUGHTER ANNIE! KNOW WHAT MY ANNIE'S DOIN' NOW! CRYIN' HER EYES OUT! HER HEART'S BROKE, THAT'S WHAT!

BECAUSE OF DREXEL?

YES! THE SCOUNDREL TURNED HER HEAD WITH PONEY PROMISES. SAID HE LOVED HER - THAT HE'D MARRY HER! AN' WHAT'S HE DO? TOSSES HER ON THE JUNKHEAP FOR SOME RICH DAME OF FORTY! ALL THAT GUY LOVES IS MONEY!

PUT YOUR SHOTGUN AWAY, JASON, AND COME UP TO THE HOUSE! TELL ANNIE TO COME TOO! TO-NIGHT WE'LL BE ONE BIG HAPPY FAMILY!

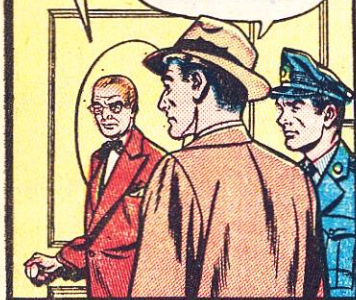
AT THE DREXEL MANSION - AS DUDLEY DREXEL ADMITS THE POLICE -

TOO BAD CONRAD'S STILL ALIVE! I'D RATHER HOPED THE KILLER HAD STRUCK BEFORE YOU GENTLEMEN ARRIVED!

THAT'S A FINE WAY TO TALK ABOUT YOUR BROTHER!

BROTHER! BAH! - HE'S A SELFISH COLD-BLOODED SNAKE-IN-THE-GRASS! CONRAD *KNEW* I WAS IN LOVE WITH ANNIE JASON! BUT IT AMUSED HIM TO TAKE HER AWAY FROM ME! I WISH HE WERE DEAD!

APPARENTLY, SO DOES EVERYBODY ELSE!



GET OUT, DUDLEY! DON'T EXCITE YOURSELF, CONRAD! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY I CARE TO SEE YOU - ON A SLAB!



THEY'RE ALL AFTER ME! DUDLEY BECAUSE I STOLE ANNIE AWAY FROM HIM! ANNIE HATES ME BECAUSE I JILTED HER FOR MY RICH FIANCEE! JASON WOULD LIKE TO MURDER ME FOR BREAKING HIS DAUGHTER'S HEART - BUT THERE'S ONE MORE --

LET ME GUESS. YOU'RE EVEN BEGINNING TO HATE YOURSELF!



DON'T BE FUNNY! IT'S MAC HEGGEN, THE BOOKIE! HE'S AFTER ME, TOO! I WELCHED ON BETS AMOUNTING TO \$35,000! THAT'S WHERE THE BULLET HOLES CAME FROM! HEGGEN'S TORPEDOES TRIED TO GET ME!

...MMM... NOW I KNOW WHY A POLICEMAN'S LOT IS A HARD ONE! WE OFTEN HAVE TO PROTECT RATS WHO REALLY DESERVE TO BE EXTERMINATED!



NOBODY ASKED FOR YOUR OPINION JUST YOUR HELP! YOU'VE GOT TO PROTECT ME, DENVER! THAT'S YOUR DUTY!

MY UNPLEASANT DUTY, YOU MEAN!



D-DENVER! ON THE TERRACE! SOMEBODY'S SHOOTING AT ME!

WE'LL GET HIM! COME ON, CASSIDY!



THERE HE GOES! HE'S CUTTING ACROSS THE LAWN!

FIRE OVER HIS HEAD! SCARE HIM, CASSIDY I WANT THIS GUY ALIVE IF POSSIBLE!





MINUTES LATER, AT THE MANSION --





I WANTED TO SEE HIM MURDERED, BUT NOT BY ME! BY SOMEBODY ELSE! ANYONE ELSE!

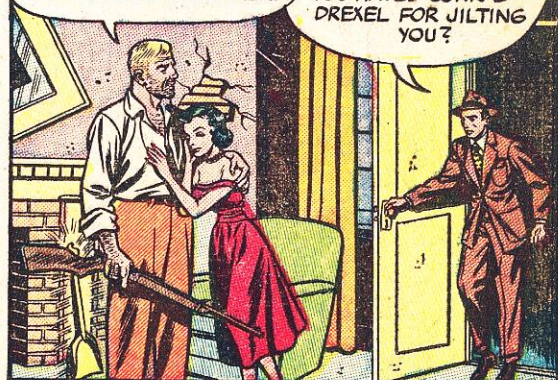
THE GIRL, MARTY, SHE'S RUNNING ACROSS THE LAWN!

I WANT A TALK WITH HER! STAY HERE HANDSOME, TILL I GET BACK!

SHORTLY AFTER, AT THE CARETAKER'S HOUSE-

YOU GOT NO BUSINESS, HERE, COPPER! YOU SHOULD BE BUSY LOOKIN' FOR DREXEL'S MURDERER!

I AM! MISS JASON- WHY DID YOU RUN AWAY? I THOUGHT YOU HATED CONRAD DREXEL FOR JILTING YOU?



I DID! I PRAYED FOR HIM TO DIE! BUT THEN - WHEN I SAW HIM LYING IN THAT CHAIR DEAD - I-I KNEW I'D NEVER STOP LOVING HIM!

GET OUTA HERE, COPPER! MY ANNIE DIDN'T KILL NOBODY! IF YOU'RE LOOKIN' FOR A MURDERER, PICK ON DUDLEY! HE HAD IT IN FOR CONRAD!

HMMM...WHAT'S A GLEAMING, PERFECTLY POLISHED AND VERY EXPENSIVE COAL SHOVEL DOING IN THIS FILTHY ROOM - ESPECIALLY WHEN THIS SHOVEL WASN'T HERE TEN MINUTES AGO?

I THINK I'M GOIN' TO LET YOU HAVE IT, COPPER! YOU GOT NO BUSINESS BARGIN' IN HERE WITHOUT A SEARCH WARRANT. I CAN SHOOT YOU FOR INVADIN' MY PROPERTY!



AN' I WI-- H-HEY! OWWWW!

GETTING MURDEROUS LATELY, JASON, AREN'T YOU? FIRST YOU KILL DREXEL! NOW YOU'RE READY FOR ME!



ONLY ONE THING GLEAMS IN THIS PLACE WITH A PERFECT POLISH! ONLY ONE THING COULD'VE MADE YOU BREAK YOUR DIRTY HABITS!

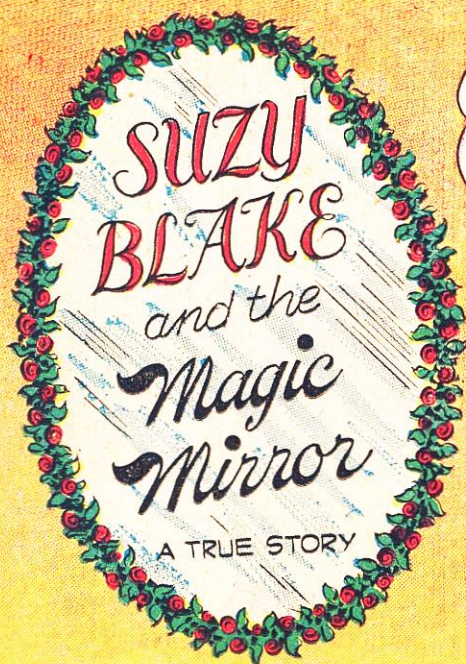


THERE WAS BLOOD ON THE SHOVEL AND YOU SCoured IT TO COVER YOUR GUILT!



SO JASON TOOK ADVANTAGE OF THE LIGHTS OUT TO PUT DREXEL TO BED WITH A SHOVEL!

RIGHT! WHEN JASON CAME UP TO THE HOUSE WITH ANNIE, HE RAN INTO THE DARKENED LIBRARY, GRABBED DREXEL'S FIREPLACE EQUIPMENT - - AND THE REST OF IT WILL BE DEATH HOUSE HISTORY!



DICK DRAKE ASKED ME TO THE PROM SATURDAY- BUT I CAN'T POSSIBLY GO! JUST LOOK AT MY STRINGY HAIR-MY DRIED OUT SKIN... I'M A MESS!

LISTEN, SUZY, I'LL TELL YOU IN A JIFF HOW YOU CAN BECOME A REAL GLAMOUR GIRL!



LOVE
3
MINUTES
ROMANCE
SHEER MAGIC

DICK DRAKE

DISCOVERS
NIL-O-NAL'S
3-MINUTE
MAGIC

THE GIRLS CALL ME 'WILD MAN FROM BORNEO' BECAUSE MY HAIR WON'T STAY COMBED! MAYBE NIL-O-NAL IS THE ANSWER!



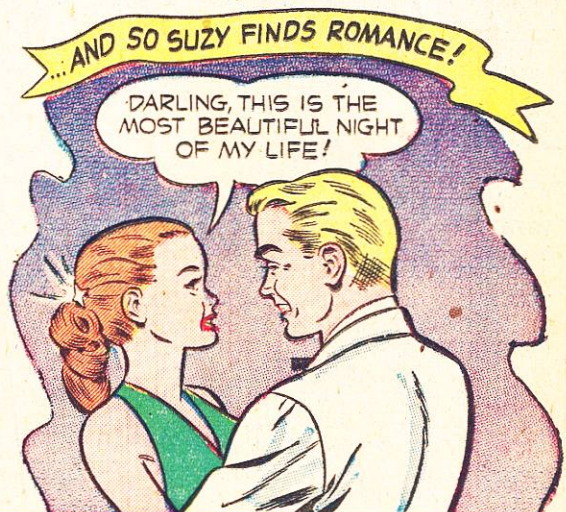
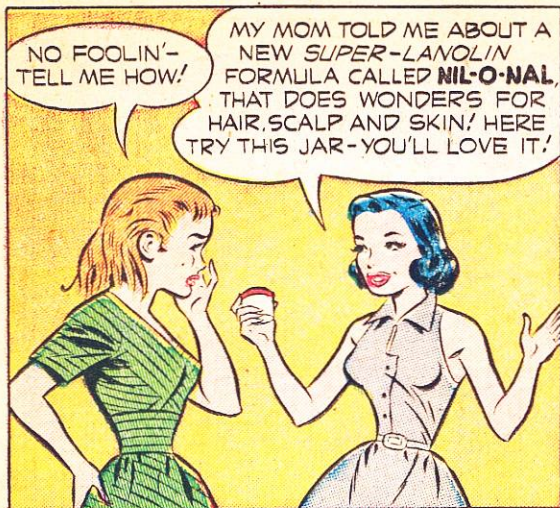
SAY! THIS REALLY FEELS GOOD! ALL YOU DO IS RUB IT IN FOR 3 SHORT MINUTES AND THE SUPER-LANOLIN FORMULA WORKS DEEP DOWN... REVITALIZES BOTH THE HAIR AND THE SCALP!



OFF ON ANOTHER DATE! MISTER, NIL-O-NAL IS REALLY TORNADO-PROOF! WHY-YOUR HAIR STAYS SMOOTH WITHOUT THAT 'PLASTERED LOOK' ALL DAY LONG-AND THROUGH A BIG NIGHT OF DANCING-TOO!



Use NIL-O-NAL for
Hair and Scalp... Curls and Waves • Sunburn • Windburn • Chapped Hands and Lips • Dry, Rough Skin • Chafing • Burning Feet • Dish-pan Hands • Mild Deodorant • Minor Cuts, Burns and Bruises • Before and After Shampooing • Hair Dressing for Youths and Misses • Crow's Feet and Wrinkles • • •



EASY WAY

FEEDS HUNGRY HAIR, SCALP and SKIN.

new **SUPER-LANOLIN** formula

Scientifically Blended with Vitamin D and "HEXACHLOROPHENE" Works Wonders!

If your hair is brittle, mousey-like, dull, dry, hard to manage or "looks like spaghetti", NIL-O-NAL may bring back its sparkling radiance and glamorous allure. If your hands are water-beaten, red and rough... if your face is wind-burned or sun-burned and dried out, NIL-O-NAL, the newest, most amazing beautifier brings back the glowing vitality and peach-bloom vivaciousness which is your birthright. Contains up to 20 to 50 times the amount of Lanolin, Nature's own conditioner found only in high-priced cosmetics and lotions. It's real "date-bait"! Get a jar today on the guarantee of satisfaction or money back! Mail coupon now!

SEND NO MONEY. In a few days you will receive your large supply of NIL-O-NAL. On arrival, pay postman only \$2.00 per jar, plus 20% tax and C.O.D. postage. Or, enclose only \$2.40 and we will pay postage. Use it as directed. Obtain the results promised or return for the full refund. Order today.

NIL-O-NAL Co., Dept. 53-S
242 EAST OHIO ST., CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS

Now Only \$2 plus tax



MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY.

NIL-O-NAL Company, Dept. 53-S
242 East Ohio St., Chicago 11, Illinois

Gentlemen:

Rush me the large supply of NIL-O-NAL. If I'm not delighted, I can return unused portion after 30 days and receive full refund. (Economy Offer—THREE \$2.00 Jars \$5.00 plus tax—same guarantee).

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Zone _____

State _____

☐ Send C.O.D. I'll pay postman only \$2.00 per jar plus 20% Fed. tax and C.O.D. postage.

☐ THREE \$2.00 Jars only \$5.00 plus 20% Fed. tax and C.O.D. postage.

☐ Enclosed is cash, check or money order for \$2.40. ☐ \$6.00 for Economy Offer. ☐ Send prepaid.

KEN SHANNON



They'd COME TO KILL ME...THE LITTLE ONE WITH THE KNIFE AND THE BIG GOOF WITH THE HEATER...WHICH WAS VERY FLATTERING! IT MEANT I WAS GETTING SOMEWHERE WITH THE CASE..."AND "SOMEBODY" DIDN'T LIKE IT! THE POINT WAS WHICH SOMEBODY? WHICH MONEY-MAD, KILL-CRAZY DEVIL HAD SICKED THESE ASSASSINS ONTO ME? WHICH CUNNING CUTTHROAT WOULD KEEP TRYING TILL MRS. SHANNON'S LITTLE BOY WAS FITTED FOR HIS WOODEN KIMONA? IF I GUESSED WRONG, I'D BE A CINCH TO BECOME MR. WORM MEAT OF 1952!

"M" AS IN MURDER
A SPINE-CHILLING SUPER THRILLER



ARLENE

WHO INTENDED TO KISS HER WAY...INCLUDING THE KISS OF DEATH...INTO A FORTUNE!



NEWTON

WHO WAS DRUNK ENOUGH TO MURDER...ANYONE!



SHERRY

WHO HAD AMBITIONS...LIKE KILLING HER WAY INTO THE SOCIAL REGISTER!



ROXAS

WHO'D STRANGLE HIS OWN BROTHER FOR A DIME...AND DID!



MANNING

WHO MURDERED 'EM ON THE FOOTBALL GRIDIRON...AND OFF IT!

ONE MORNING A BEAUTIFUL DISH NAMED SHERRY WESTBURY WALKED INTO MY OFFICE! HER HALF-BROTHER, NEWTON, WAS IN A JAM...

THE GIRL FRIEND OF A BIG BOOKIE HAS HER HOOKS IN NEWTON! AS A RESULT, NEWTON HAS BEEN GAMBLING AWAY MORE THAN HE CAN EVER PAY FOR! IN FACT, NEWTON OWES ROXAS \$40,000!

HOW DO YOU KNOW ALL THIS?

ROXAS CAME TO ME FOR THE MONEY, SO I SAW THE I.O.U.'S! NEWTON DENIED OWING ROXAS THE MONEY, SO I TOOK THE I.O.U.'S TO A HAND-WRITING ANALYST! HE PROVED THE SIGNATURES!

NEWTON MIGHT BE LYING...OR ROXAS PAID YOUR EXPERT OFF TO CONFIRM THE I.O.U.'S!

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT SUCH THINGS! I ONLY KNOW THIS GOLD-DIGGER WHOSE NAME IS ARLENE SANDLER FOUND OUT NEWTON COMES INTO A MILLION DOLLAR TRUST FUND WITHIN A YEAR, AND SHE'LL BE TOUGH TO GET RID OF!

WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO ABOUT IT, MISS WESTBURY?

YOU'RE TALL, DARK AND HANDSOME! YOU HAVE A WAY WITH WOMEN! TAKE THIS BLONDE GOLD-DIGGER AWAY FROM NEWTON! YOU'LL HAVE FUN AND NEWTON WON'T BE TAKEN FOR A SUCKER!

SAVE THE BANANA OIL! HOW MUCH?

THE PRICE WAS RIGHT, SO I TOOK THE JOB! BUT DEE DEE DAWSON WASN'T TURNING ANY HAND-SPRINGS!

STOP ME IF I'M WRONG BUT I WAS UNDER THE IMPRESSION YOU WERE A DETECTIVE!

DETECTIVES HAVE TO EAT, HONEY-BUN! DETECTIVES HAVE TO PAY THEIR SECRETARIES OCCASIONALLY!

SO YOU'VE TAKEN UP HEART-BREAKING AS A SIDE-LINE!

WHAT SIDE-LINE? THAT'S MY CHIEF AIM IN LIFE...TO BREAK HEARTS! ESPECIALLY YOURS! MAKE WITH THE LIPS!

BUT I WASN'T KIDDING MYSELF! THIS TIME I'D HIRED MYSELF OUT AS A DECOY INSTEAD OF A DICK! BUT JUST TO BE THOROUGH, I DECIDED TO CHECK ON MISS WESTBURY'S STORY!

SO I DROPPED IN ON FRANK BITZER, THE HANDWRITING EXPERT! I KNOCKED AT HIS DOOR TEN TIMES... WITH NO ANSWER! THEN I TRIED THE DOOR KNOB...

IT OPENS! HOW HOSPITABLE OF BITZER!

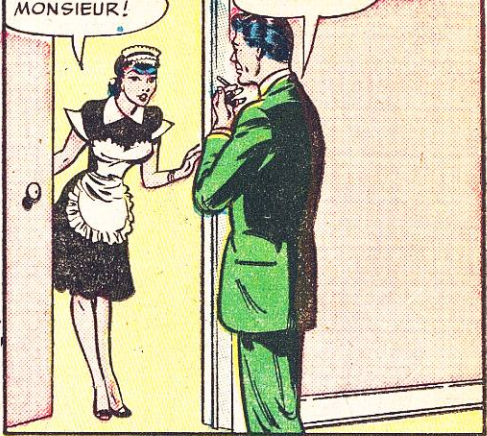
BUT BITZER WASN'T VERY SOCIAL! HE WOULDN'T SAY A WORD TO ME! IN FACT, BITZER WOULDN'T EVER SPEAK AGAIN TO ANYBODY!



I WIPE OFF ANY PRINTS I MIGHT HAVE LEFT AROUND, SNEAKED OUT THE BACK WAY AND BEAT IT UPTOWN TO ARLENE SANDLER'S PENT-HOUSE! FOR A GOLD-DIGGER SHE SEEMED TO HAVE ENOUGH NUGGETS OF HER OWN!

MISS SANDLER IS NOT AT HOME TO ANYONE, MONSIEUR!

SHE'S AT HOME TO ME! TELL HER MR. ROXAS SENT ME!



I FIGURED MENTIONING ROXAS' NAME WOULD BE THE OPEN-SESAME! IT WAS! FIVE MINUTES LATER I WAS FACE-TO-FACE WITH A SUN-BURNED GODDESS!



SO ROXAS SENT YOU! I JUST SPOKE TO ROXAS! HE DIDN'T MENTION YOU!

IT MUST HAVE SLIPPED HIS MIND! YOU'RE STARTING TO REDDEN, BABY! I'D BETTER PUT SOME SUN-TAN OIL ON THAT SKIN ANYBODY WOULD LOVE TO TOUCH!

NOW TO MIX PLEASURE WITH BUSINESS I'M HERE TO OFFER YOU TEN GRAND! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS STOP SEEING NEWTON WESTBURY!

I DON'T KNOW! I'M VERY FOND OF NEWTON... VERY!



IN THAT CASE, WE'LL MAKE IT FIFTEEN GRAND! I GUARANTEE YOU WON'T MISS NEWTON VERY MUCH! THERE'S NOTHING NEWTON CAN DO I CAN'T DO BETTER!

WANNA BET?



A SHADOW LOOMED OVER ME! I DUCKED INSTINCTIVELY... BUT NOT FAST ENOUGH!



CRACK!

OH HH!

N-NEWTON!

I CAME TO HALF AN HOUR LATER WITH A SUNBURN, A LUMP ON MY HEAD AND A REGRET IN MY HEART FOR NOT BEING MORE CAREFUL!

SHOULDN'T COMPLAIN, THOUGH! I SHOULD BE GLAD I'M NOT CONTRIBUTING TO SOME MORTICIAN'S TAX RETURN!



POLICE COMICS

I WENT DOWN TO ARLENE'S APARTMENT BUT SHE WASN'T THERE! NEITHER WAS NEWTON!

MADMOISELLE AND MONSIEUR WESTBURY... THEY LEAVE TEN MINUTE AGO! YOU LEAVE NOW, OUI?

OUI! SOON AS I APPLY THIS ICE PACK TO MY NOGGIN! FROM THE SIZE OF THIS LUMP, I'M IN DANGER OF WINDING UP WITH TWO HEADS!



THEY SAY TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE! BUT NEITHER OF MY TWO BRAINS COULD MAKE SENSE OUT OF WHAT HAPPENED TO ME! NOR DID A COOL SHOWER AT MY APARTMENT RELIEVE ANYTHING BUT THE HEAT!

WHO KILLED FRANK BITZER? WHY WAS HE KILLED? WHY AM I ALIVE? WHO STOPPED NEWTON FROM PLANTING A LILY ON MY CHEST? ARLENE?



I HAD THE QUESTIONS BUT NOT THE ANSWERS! SO I TOOK REFUGE IN A HIGHBALL! BUT JUST AS I WAS ADDING SODA TO THE RYE...

SAD PICTURE, AIN'T IT, GEORGE? THE GUY LOVES LIFE BUT HE'S BEGGIN' TO BE KNOCKED OFF BECAUSE HE CAN'T MIND HIS OWN BUSINESS!

YEAH, IT'S A TRAGEDY! HE'S SO YOUNG TO DIE, TOO!

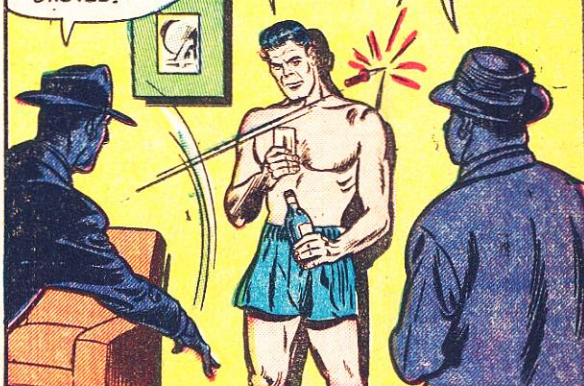
WHAT ZOO DID YOU TWO HYENAS BUST OUT OF?



BE POLITE, GUM-SHOE! BE POLITE OR WE'LL PUT YA TO BED WITH A SHOVEL!

BY WHOSE ORDERS?

SOMEBODY WHO WANTS YOU TO LAY OFF NEWTON!



IF NEWTON WANTS TO GAMBLE, HE GAMBLES! IF HE LOSES MONEY, THAT'S NEWTON'S HEADACHE... NOT YOURS! NEWTON ALSO SEES THE DAMES HE LIKES... WITHOUT COMPETITION!

WHAT'S YER ANSWER, HAWKSHAW?



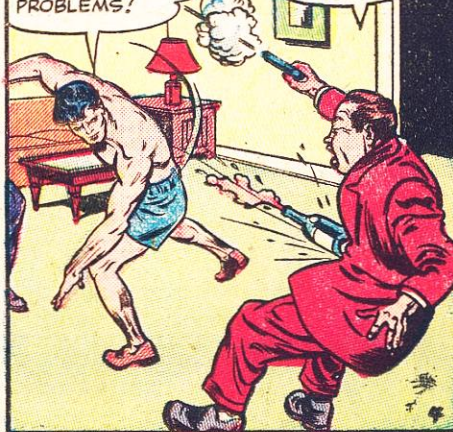
YOU'VE GOT IT!

YIIII! G-G-GEORGE!

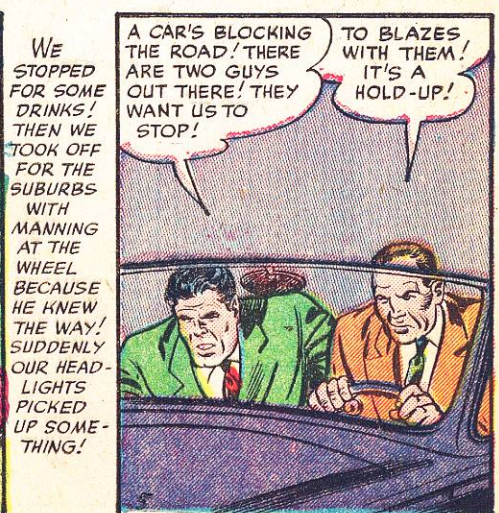
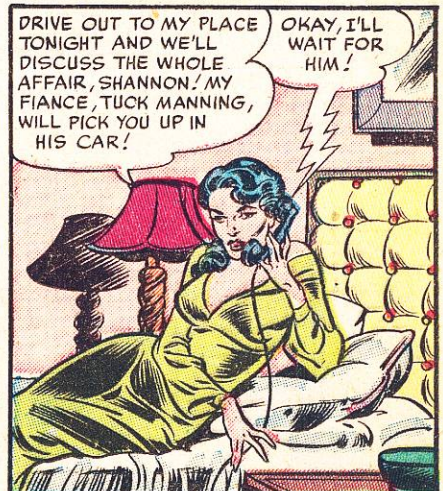
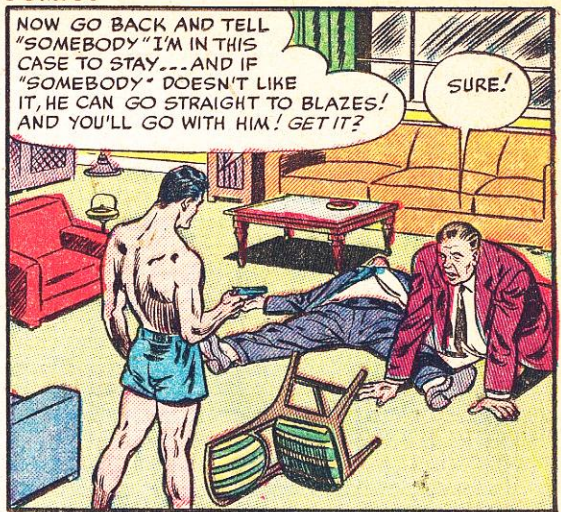
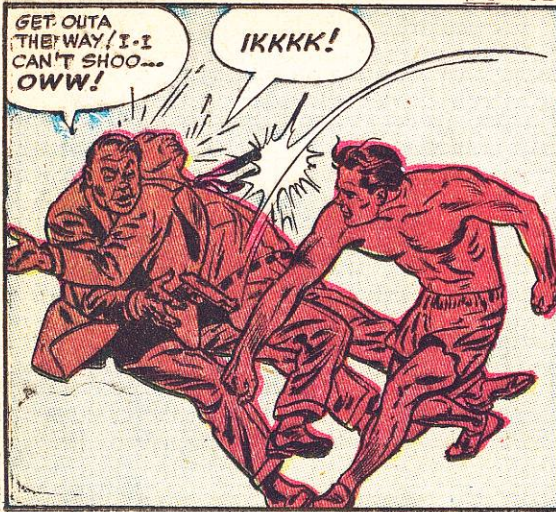


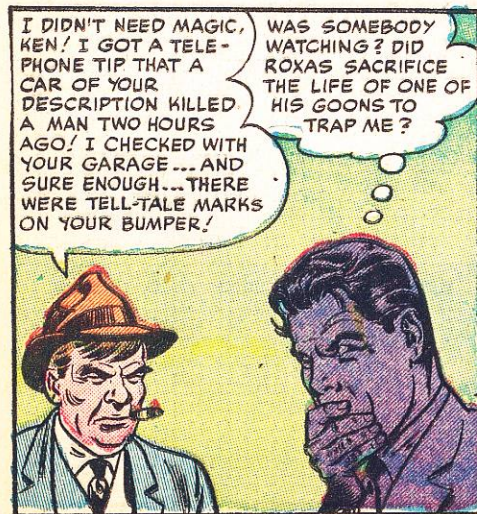
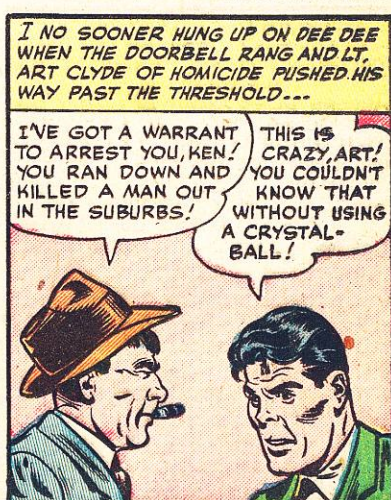
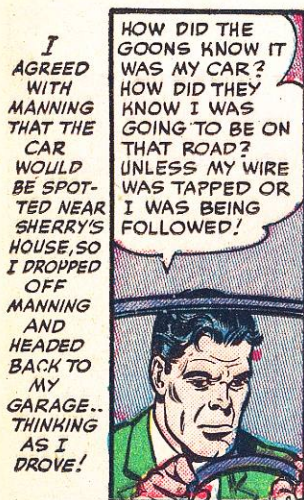
DON'T BOTHER GEORGE! GEORGE HAS HIS OWN PROBLEMS!

OOOOFFF!



POLICE COMICS





BUT THE COP ON BITZER'S BEAT CONFIRMED THE KILLING AND CLYDE... BLESS HIM... TURNED ME LOOSE! HE NO SOONER LEFT WHEN THE PHONE RANG! IT WAS ARLENE!

POLICE COMICS

ARLENE WANTED ME TO COME TO ROXAS' ROADSIDE REST FOR A CONFERENCE! I DROVE THERE, NOTICING BY THE WAY, THAT MAN-NING'S "BROKEN-DOWN" CAR HAD DIS-APPEARED!



WHEN I GOT INSIDE, I LEARNED THAT ROXAS HAD SENT EVERYBODY HOME... IN ORDER TO BE ALONE WITH ME! ROXAS WASTED NO WORDS...

LOOK, SHAMUS! I GOT NO INTEREST IN KILLIN' NEWTON OR IN HARMIN' YOU! NEWTON LOST 40 GRAND TO ME AN' UP TILL TONIGHT I WANTED IT PAID OFF!

WHAT MADE YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND?



THIS THING'S TURNED INTO A MURDER CASE AN' I WANT NO TROUBLE WITH THE COPS! I DIDN'T KNIFE BITZER!



I NEVER HIRED NO GOONS TO THREATEN YOU! AN' I DON'T CARE WHAT ARLENE DOES ABOUT NEWTON AS LONG AS SHE DON'T BREAK HER SINGIN' CONTRACT WITH ME!

BY THE WAY, SISTER... WHERE'S NEWTON NOW?

I DON'T KNOW! I TOLD HIM WE WERE THROUGH! HE'S JUST A DRUNKEN BUM!

SO I LEFT ROXAS MORE PUZZLED THAN EVER! BUT AS I DROVE ALONG THE HIGH-WAY I HAD THE MOST PECULIAR FEELING THAT SOMEONE WAS STARING AT ME...



I MUST BE CRA... :GASP:

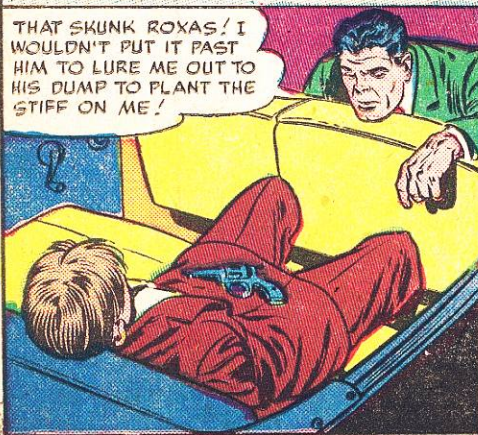


N-NEWTON WESTBURY! :GASP: HE'S DEAD!



I SLAMMED ON THE BRAKES AND EXAMINED THE BODY! HE'D BEEN SHOT CLOSE AT HAND WITH A .32! THE GUN WAS LYING IN NEWTON'S LAP!

THAT SKUNK ROXAS! I WOULDN'T PUT IT PAST HIM TO LURE ME OUT TO HIS DUMP TO PLANT THE STIFF ON ME!



SO I PHONED ROXAS AND ASKED IF HE KNEW ANYBODY WHO OWNED A .32! ROXAS SAID SURE... ARLENE... AND HE PUT HER ON THE WIRE...

YES, I HAD A .32... BUT I GAVE IT TO NEWTON WHEN HE WAS AFRAID ROXAS WAS GOING TO TAKE THE I.O.U.'S OUT OF HIS HIDE! WHY DO YOU ASK?

JUST CURIOSITY, SISTER! I'LL SEE YOU AROUND!

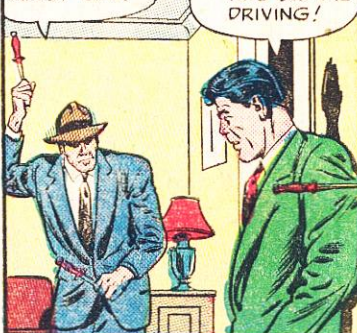


POLICE COMICS

DRIVING HOME, I WONDERED IF NEWTON HADN'T COMMITTED SUICIDE BECAUSE HE'D LOST ARLENE! HE WAS DRUNK ENOUGH TO! I LOCKED THE CAR AND WENT UPSTAIRS! I SNAPPED ON THE LIGHT, AND...



MAKE ANOTHER MOVE AN' THE NEXT SHIV GOES THROUGH YOUR WINDPIPE! YA KILLED MY PAL, GEORGE! YA RUN HIM DOWN LIKE HE WAS AN ALLEY CAT!



YA LIE! I'M GONNA KILL YA FOR IT!

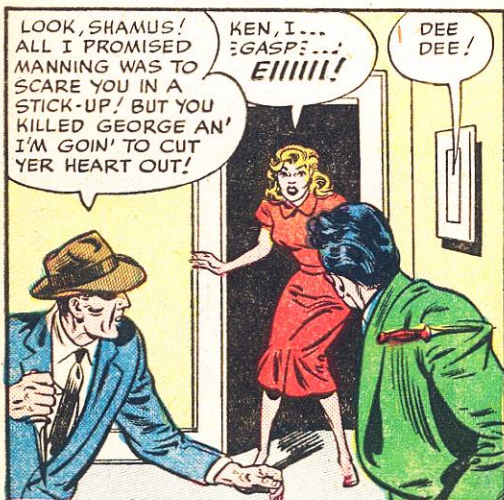
D-DO WHAT YOU LIKE! YOU'RE JUST A PATSY! FRANK BITZER WAS KNIFED SO THE COPS WOULD LINK YOU WITH THE SHIV-JOB! CAN'T YOU SEE YOUR BOSS IS FRAMING YOU?



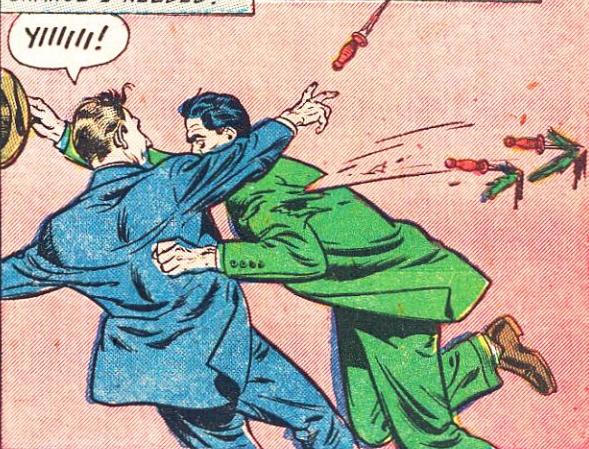
LOOK, SHAMUS! ALL I PROMISED MANNING WAS TO SCARE YOU IN A STICK-UP! BUT YOU KILLED GEORGE AN' I'M GOIN' TO CUT YER HEART OUT!

KEN, I...
GASP!...
EIIIIII!

DEE DEE!



THE SHIV-CARRIER WHIRLED! AND IT WAS ALL THE CHANCE I NEEDED!



CALL ART CLYDE, DEE DEE, AND TELL HIM TO COLLECT THIS GARBAGE! WHAT DID YOU FIND OUT ABOUT THE INFAMOUS FIVE?



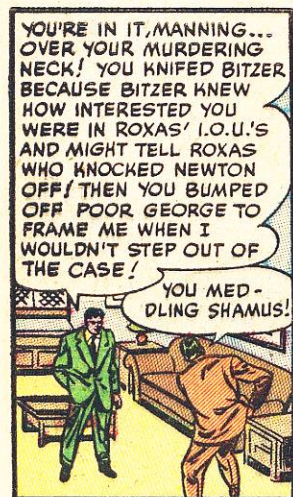
WHERE ARE YOU GOING NOW, KEN?

TO GIVE A KILLER ALL THAT'S COMING TO HIM! SEE YOU LATER!

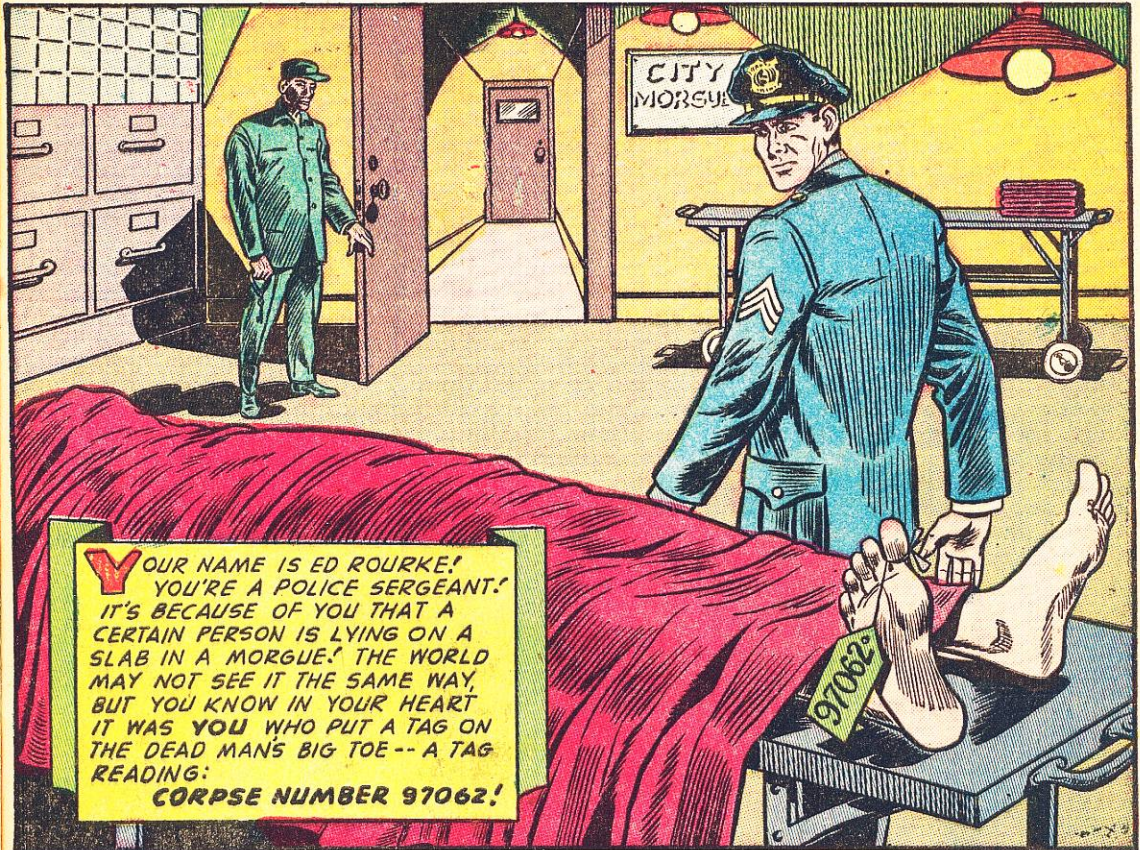


POLICE COMICS

I CALLED UP THE ROAD-HOUSE, BUT ROXAS HAD LEFT FOR THE RACES! MANNING, HOWEVER, HAD PICKED UP ARLENE! I PUT TWO AND TWO TOGETHER AND FOUND THREE AT SHERRY'S HOUSE WHEN I CAME IN THROUGH THE FRENCH WINDOWS!



CORPSE NUMBER 97062



YOU LOOK
FIXEDLY AT
THE CORPSE!
BUT A STRANGE
THING HAPPENS!
YOU BEGIN TO
SEE OTHER
THINGS, OTHER
PLACES! YOUR
MIND KEEPS
WANDERING!
BACK ...
BACK...



TO A POOLROOM ON THE EAST SIDE! THERE'D
BEEN A GANGLAND MURDER AND THE DRAGNET
WAS OUT FOR SUSPECTS! YOUR ORDERS WERE
TO BRING IN ANYBODY AND **EVERYBODY!**

WELL, IF IT AIN'T MY OWN
LOUSY BROTHER! WHAT'RE
YOU DOIN' HERE, ED? I



LOOKING FOR A KILLER!
GET GOING, AL! THE

WAGON'S OUT-
SIDE!



FOR SOMEBODY ELSE, NOT
ME! BESIDES, I'VE GOT
A BROTHER WHO'S A
COP! I'VE GOT PULL...
8 BALL IN THE SIDE
POCKET!



FOR SOMEBODY ELSE, NOT
ME! BESIDES, I'VE GOT
A BROTHER WHO'S A
COP! I'VE GOT PULL...
8 BALL IN THE SIDE
POCKET!



SORRY, AL!
YOU'RE JUST
ANOTHER HOOD-
LUM TO ME!
GET INTO THAT
WAGON WITH THE
OTHERS!



BUT YOUR HOODLUM BROTHER TURNED HIS BACK ON YOU, AS HE ALWAYS HAD! AND WHEN YOU REACHED FOR HIS CUE...



SO YOU HIT HIM BACK! BUT THE HURT IN YOUR HAND WAS NOT AS GREAT AS THE HURT IN YOUR HEART!



YOU WINCED TO SEE THE HATRED IN HIS RED RIMMED EYES.. AND YOU KNEW THAT THIS MAN WAS LOST! NOTHING ON EARTH COULD REFORM HIM..



THAT VERY NIGHT YOU SAW YOUR SUPERIOR AND MADE A REQUEST FOR A TRANSFER!

DO YOU FEEL NO, SIR! I PREJUDICED ABOUT TREAT AL LIKE ANY OTHER YOUR BROTHER, CROOK ON THE ROURKE? BEAT! BUT THAT DOESN'T MAKE IT ANY EASIER!

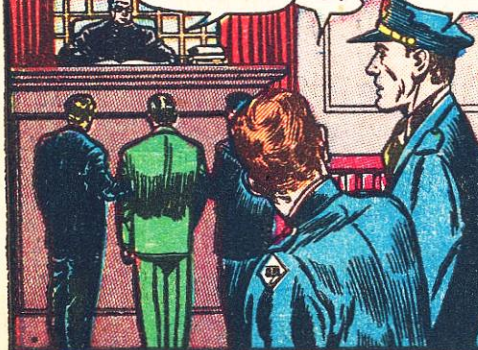


THE DEPARTMENT UNDERSTOOD AND YOU WERE REASSIGNED! BUT WHAT YOU DIDN'T SEE, YOU HEARD! FOR INSTANCE, YOU HEARD AL WAS MIXED UP IN A HOLOUP!



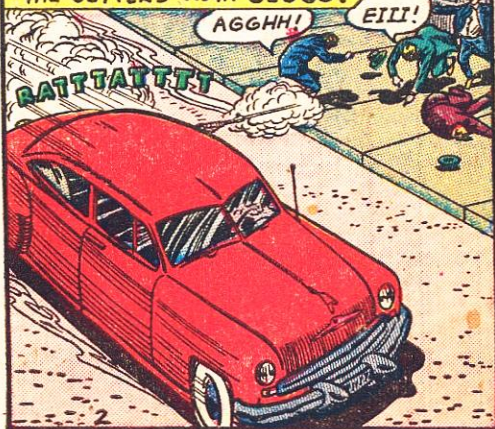
BUCKLEY THE WATCHMAN LIVED! UNLUCKILY FOR AL, HE IDENTIFIED HIM! YOU TRIED TO STAY AWAY FROM THE TRIAL, BUT YOU COULDN'T!

ALFRED ROURKE, I HEREBY SENTENCE YOU TO TEN YEARS IN THE STATE PENITENTIARY! ISN'T THAT GLY YOUR BROTHER, ED? YES..MY BROTHER.. HEAVEN HELP HIM!



AL HAD AS BAD A RECORD IN PRISON AS HE HAD OUTSIDE OF IT! AND WHEN HE FINALLY CAME OUT, NINE YEARS LATER, HE HAD ONLY CHANGED FOR THE WORSE!

YOU HEARD FOR INSTANCE THAT HE'D BECOME A TRIGGER-MAN FOR THE CREVIN MOB! THAT HE LEFT HIS MARK ON THE GUTTERS ... IN BLOOD!



BUT FATE IS STRANGE! YOU'D BEEN PROMOTED TO THE RANK OF SERGEANT, AND YOU'D BEEN ASSIGNED TO CREVIN'S BAILWICK! YOU SAW WITH YOUR OWN EYES THE CHANGES IN AL!



IF IT AIN'T THE DEACON HIMSELF! BOYS, MEET MY BROTHER! YOU DIDN'T KNOW I HAD A COP FOR A BROTHER, DID YOU? THAT'S WHERE I GET ALL MY PULL FROM-- AIN'T THAT RIGHT, ED?

WRONG, AL --- WRONG AS USUAL! I'M HERE TO TELL YOU YOU'RE HEADED FOR THE DEATH HOUSE AT 90 MILES AN HOUR!

SURE I'M TRAVELLIN' 90 MILES PER .. BUT NOT TO THE KINDA HOUSE YOU MENTIONED! SEE THAT PENTHOUSE UP THERE? THAT'S THE KINDA HOUSE I'M HEADED FOR!

YOU WON'T GET THERE, AL! YOU'RE ON THE WRONG PATH! THE PATH YOU'RE TAKING IS A SHORT CUT TO THE MORGUE!



BIG SHOT, AREN'T YOU? WEARIN' SERGEANT'S STRIPES! HOW MANY GUYS DID YOU HAVE TO THROW IN THE CAN TO EARN IT?

I LOST COUNT! WHICH BRINGS ME TO YOU! THIS IS MY DISTRICT, AL-- I WON'T PERMIT GANG WARS! BREAK THE LAW AND I'LL SEE YOUR GANGSTERS IN A MARBLE ORCHARD!

OR VICE VERSA, BLOODHOUND! BETTER FIND YOURSELF ANOTHER DISTRICT LIKE YOU DID LAST TIME!

I'M STAYING, AL! DON'T SAY YOU WEREN'T WARNED!



BUT WARNINGS WERE A WASTE OF BREATH! THE GANG WARS WENT ON AND CORPSES LITTERED THE GUTTERS AND ALLEYS...



ONE DAY YOU FOUND A SPECIAL STIFF...

IT'S DAN CREVIN! SO HIS ENEMIES FINALLY GOT HIM!

MAYBE ENEMIES DIDN'T THINK **WERE** ENEMIES! ENEMIES HE THOUGHT HE COULD TURN HIS BACK ON!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

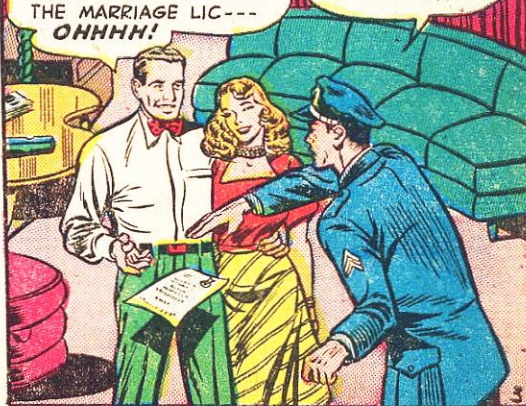
THE RUMOR'S GOING AROUND THAT AL ROURKE GOT AMBITIOUS! IT MAY HURT, ED, BUT YOUR BROTHER WAS ITCHING TO TAKE OVER THE CREVIN GANG!

THE IDEA THAT YOUR BROTHER MIGHT BE A MURDERER GNAWED AT YOUR INSIDES! YOU COULDN'T TAKE THE TORMENT ANY LONGER, SO YOU WENT TO SEE AL! YOU ASKED HIM TO ACCOUNT FOR HIS TIME!



LAST NIGHT, I SUDDENLY FIGURED I COULD SUPPORT A WIFE AN' FAMILY, SO I GOT MARRIED! HERE'S THE MARRIAGE LIC--- **OHhhh!**

YOU'RE A LIAR! YOU SPENT LAST NIGHT BUMPING OFF CREVIN!



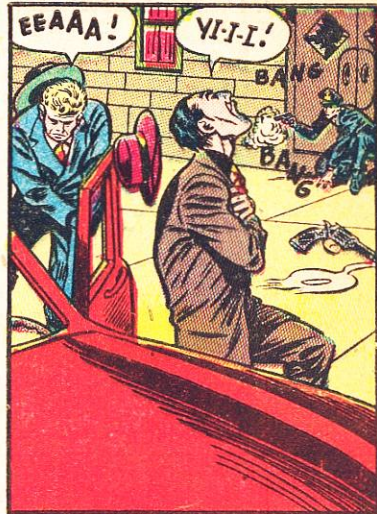
POLICE COMICS



YOU WALKED AWAY FROM HIS DOOR, A TERRIBLE FEAR IN YOUR HEART! YOU READ THE GUILT IN HIS EYES! THEN AT THE STREET DOOR--



BITTERNESS -- NOT AIM -- GUIDED THE BULLETS YOU FIRED!



YOU MADE SURE THE KILLERS WOULD NEVER PLY THEIR TRADE AGAIN! THEN YOU RANG AL'S NUMBER AND TOLD HIM TO COME DOWN --

THIS WAS YOUR ANSWER, AL! YOU SIGNALLED THESE HOODS TO BLAST ME AS I CAME OUT OF THE DOOR!

DON'T BE CRAZY! WOULD I KILL MY OWN BROTHER?



YOU'D KILL ANYBODY FOR THE PRICE! THIS AMBUSH PROVES I'M ON THE RIGHT TRACK, YOU CRUMB! WATCH OUT!

YOU DON'T SCARE ME, COPPER! DO YOUR WORST!

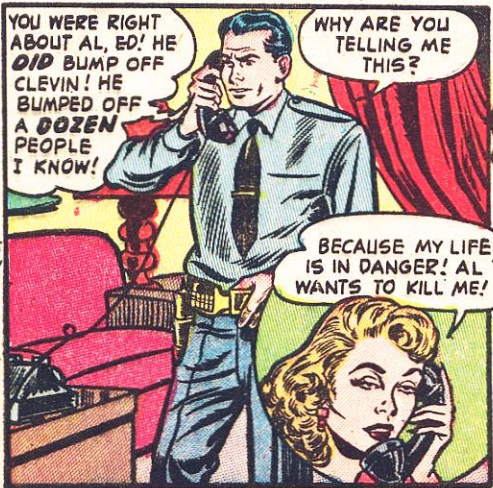


TWO DAYS PASSED -- TWO DAYS SPENT IN TRYING TO ESTABLISH WHERE AL SPENT THE NIGHT OF CREVIN'S BUMP-OFF! BUT YOU GOT NO WHERE -- THEN THE PHONE RANG, IT WAS MILLIE, AL'S WIFE!

YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT AL, ED! HE DID BUMP OFF CREVIN! HE BUMPED OFF A DOZEN PEOPLE I KNOW!

WHY ARE YOU TELLING ME THIS?

BECAUSE MY LIFE IS IN DANGER! AL WANTS TO KILL ME!



SEEMS SHE KNEW TOO MUCH ABOUT AL, AND IT ADDED UP TO A RUB OUT! SHE BEGGED YOU TO MEET HER ON A DESERTED CORNER! SO YOU DID!

WHAT I'VE GOT TO TELL YOU IS CONFIDENTIAL! YOU SURE THERE'S NOBODY ELSE AROUND? NO COPS? NO DICKS?

NOBODY BUT ME, MILLIE! WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?



POLICE COMICS

A RUBOUT, COPPER! YOU'LL BOTH BE SEATED, MILLIE, BUT NOT ON TOP OF THE WORLD--AND THAT'S WHERE HE'S GOING TO STAY-- WITH ME IN HIS LAP!

YOU'LL BOTH BE SEATED, MILLIE, BUT NOT ON TOP OF THE WORLD! IN THE HOT SEAT! IF YOU WANT TO SIT IN AL'S LAP, JUST PULL THE TRIGGER!

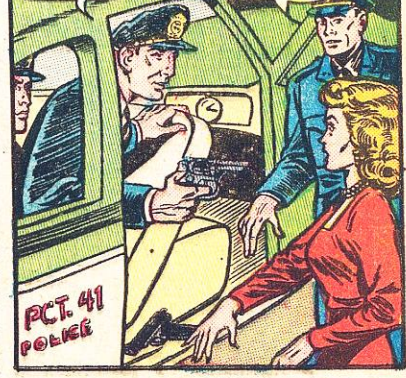
DON'T WORRY! I WILL! I MADE A MILLION BUCK MARRIAGE--AND NO CRUMMY COP WILL SPOIL IT! THIS IS IT, COPPER!

SURE, MILLIE, PULL THE TRIGGER! I'M SURE YOU WON'T MIND A COUPLE OF EYE-WITNESSES IN THE REAR SEAT!

WHY SHOULD SHE MIND, ED? SHE'S ITCHING FOR THE FLAME STOOL! WHY NOT GIVE THE POOR KID WHAT SHE WANTS?

GASP! C-COPS!

LET'S SEE, NOW, MILLIE! THIS LITTLE STUNT SHOULD NET YOU AT LEAST FIVE YEARS IN PRISON!



DON'T SPELL IT OUT FOR ME, COPPER! I KNOW WHEN I'M IN A JAM! I'M NOT TAKING THE RAP FOR NOBODY! LET AL GET OUT OF HIS OWN MESS!

SPOKEN LIKE A DUTIFUL WIFE! GIVE US THE LOW-DOWN! WHERE WAS AL THE NIGHT CREVIN WAS CHILLED? YOU MIGHT CHOP YEARS OFF YOUR SENTENCE!

LIKE ALL GANGLAND CREATURES INTERESTED ONLY IN HER OWN SKIN, SHE SAID PLENTY! TWENTY MINUTES LATER, YOU PUSHED OPEN THE DOOR OF AL'S APARTMENT--



IT'S ALL OVER, AL! SENDING MILLIE TO CHILL ME BOOMER-ANGED! SHE'S CHILLED YOU INSTEAD! MILLIE TOLD ME HOW YOU TOOK CREVIN FOR A RIDE --

Y-YOU LIE!



IT'S TRUE, AL! I TRIED TO BUMP HIM LIKE YOU SAID! BUT HE TRICKED ME! I HAD TO SAVE MYSELF!

THEY'VE GOT US! IT'S THE CHAIR IF WE DON'T GET OUT! SHOOT!

THERE WAS NOTHING TO DO BUT FIRE BACK! THE PLACE TURNED INTO A SHOOTING GALLERY! YOU HEARD SCREAMING BUT YOU WEREN'T SURE WHO'S LUNGS WERE EXERCISING FOR THE LAST TIME!



THAT'S WHY YOUR HEART IS HEAVY AND YOUR MIND IS FULL OF MEMORIES AS YOU LEAVE THE CITY MORGUE! MANY BULLETS FLEW ACROSS THE ROOM! NOBODY KNOWS WHOSE BULLET STRUCK DOWN CORPSE NUMBER 97062! AND YOU DON'T WANT TO KNOW -- EVER!



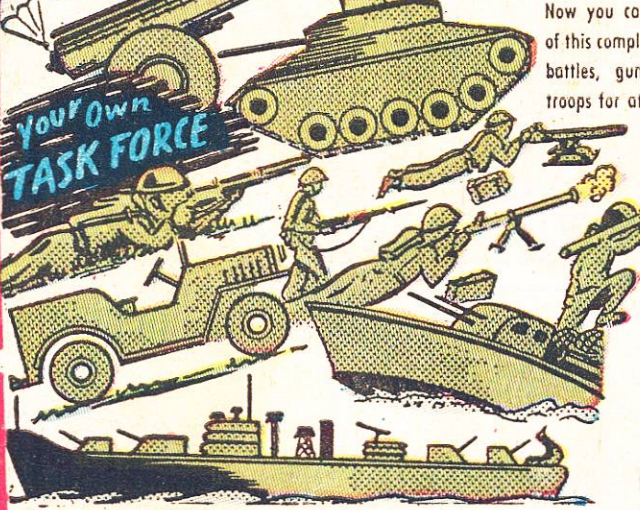
SOLDIERS SAILORS WACS MORTARS MARINES PT. BOATS HOWITZERS

TRUCKS CANNONS BOMBERS TANKS CRUISERS BATTLESHIPS PT. BOATS MARINES WAVES WACS SAILORS SOLDIERS

50 COMBAT ACTION TOYS

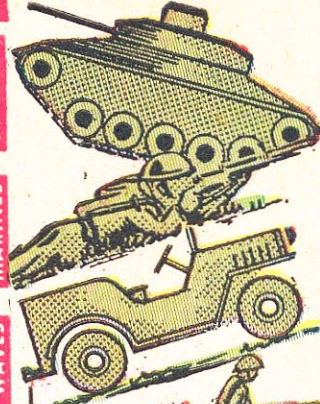
PLASTIC

PREPAID 1



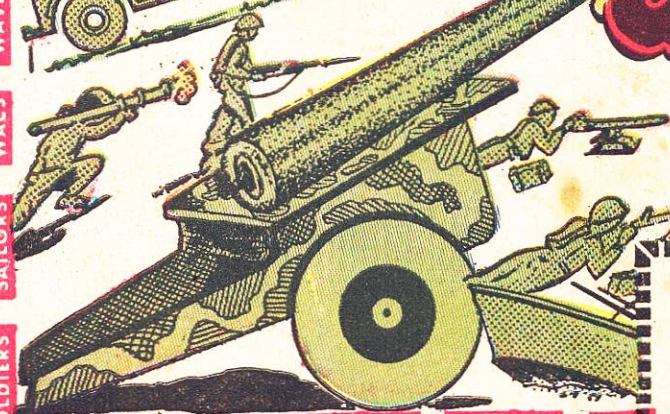
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HOWITZERS • TRUCKS • BAZOOKA MEN
RIFLEMEN



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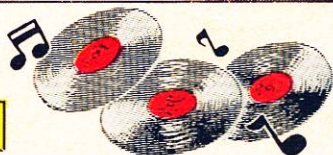
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Walking My Baby
Back Home
I'll Walk Alone
Blue Tango
I'm Sorry
That's the Chance
You Take
Blacksmith Blues
Anytime

Perfidia
Delicado
Kiss of Fire
I'm Yours
A Guy Is A Guy
Be Anything
Forgive Me
Wheel of Fortune
Tell Me Why
Cry

OR 18 HILL BILLY HITS



It Is No Secret
How the Good Lord
Bless and Keep
You
Give Me More,
More, More
Baby, We're Really
in Love
Alabama Jubilee
Always, Late
Cryin' Heart Blues
Somebody's Been
Breakin' My Time
Slow Poke

Let Old Mother Nature
Have Her
Way
Crazy Heart
Mom and Dad's
Waltz
Silver and Gold
Wandering
Bundie of Southern
Sunshine
Top Old To Cut The
Mustard
Music Makin' Mama
From Memphis

OR 18 MOST LOVED HYMNS

The Lord's Prayer
Onward, Christian Soldiers
What a Friend We Have
in Jesus
Church in the Wildwood
In the Garden
Faith of Our Fathers
There Is Power in the Blood
Leaning on the Everlasting
Arms
Since Jesus Came Into
My Heart
Trust on Me

Jesus Keep Me Near the
Cross
Softly and Tenderly
Dear Lord and Father of
Mankind
A Mighty Fortress
Sun of My Soul
It Is No Secret What
God Can Do
May the Good Lord
Bless and Keep You
Just a Closer Walk with
Thee



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